

Darkness, Dawn and Daybreak



VOL. I

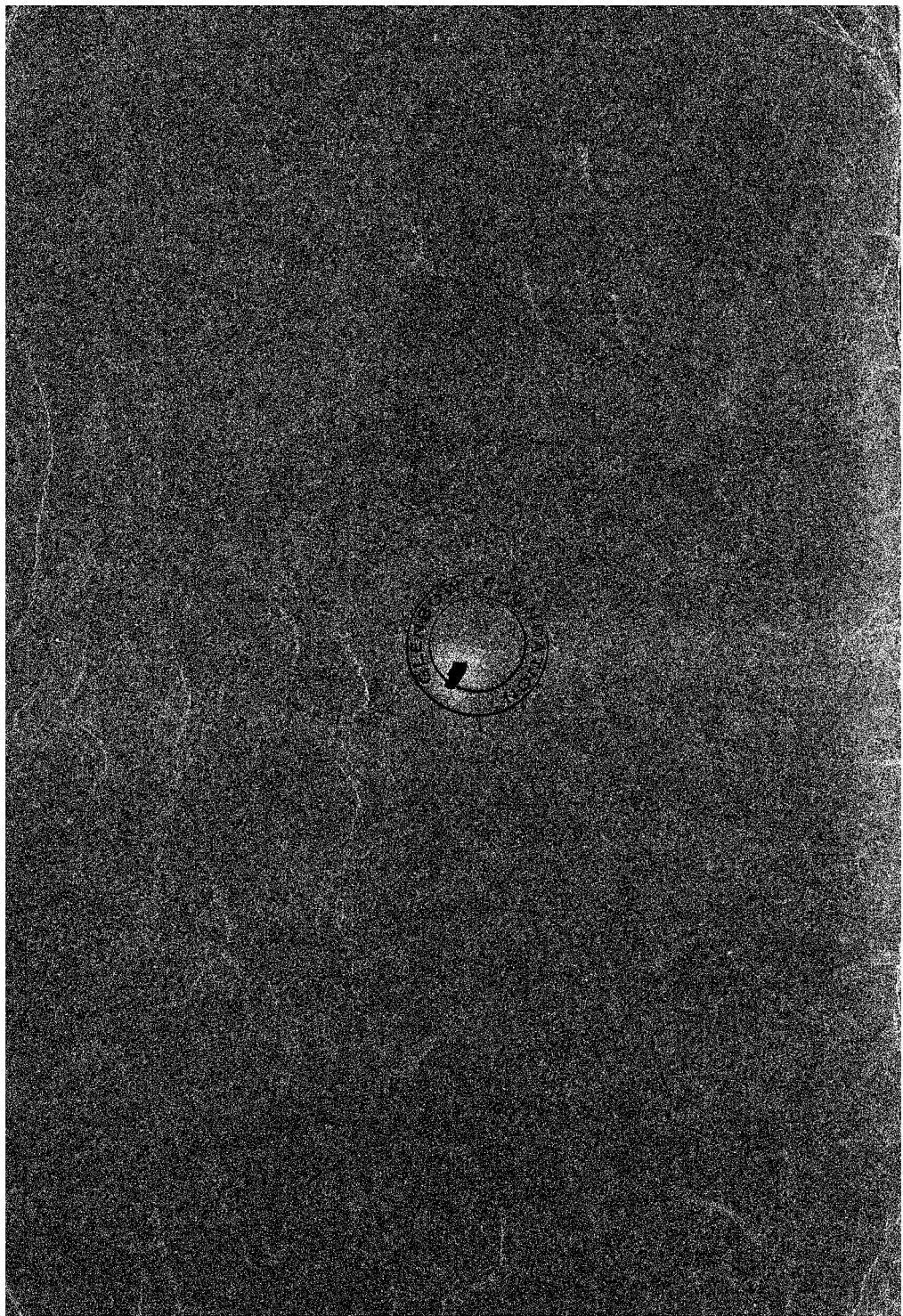
THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By

J. J. MALONEY

The Canadian Orator

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THE STORY OF MY LIFE

ON A STORMY MORNING I was born. It was cold and wintry, one of those days that Hamilton, Ontario, expects in the month of February. It happened to be Friday, the thirteenth. All this I heard from those who know. The part I know from self knowledge is that it was in the North end of Hamilton, reputed at that time to be the district of the so-called wild Irish living down by the Bay, where men were men and policemen went in pairs.

When I was a lad I always believed the North end of Hamilton was hallowed because Bishop Dowling, our beloved Lordship, spent his boyhood days in that part, and his then sacred personage was doubly dear because as a wee boy he came from the same place in Ireland as my dearly beloved grandmother, who was known to those who crossed in the sailboat with her, seventy-four years before, as Mary McInnerney.

We belonged to St. Mary's Cathedral parish because we lived across Picton Street West, and according to the dictates of Rome one must attend the church in the parish boundaries in which one resides. St. Lawrence's church, whose pastor was Father Brady, was only five blocks distant, and clearly I remember my dear father taking my sister and myself to that church to have our throats blessed one cold February night, a custom in Rome occurring on the second of February. The lighted candles are turned near the throat, and the faithful believe they will be preserved from throat infections for the coming season.

I attended St. Mary's separate school taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph, where Jack Caffery and Billy Sherring, two famous Canadians, first learned their A, B, C's. My mother insisted that I become an altar boy and consulted Dean Mahoney, rector of the cathedral. On

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December 8, 1907, I donned the surplice of a sanctuary boy under the leadership of Tom Coughlin, now Father Coughlin, the famous radio priest of Detroit. I soon became an acolyte, served the first six o'clock mass ever celebrated in Hamilton and then became the master of ceremonies, rising in two years to be President, the highest honour in that society. How proud I was to serve the famous Dean, afterwards Monsignor Mahoney. Little did those who gazed at my purple, red, and white gown realize what, besides their holy predictions, I was destined to be.

The school I attended was for boys. I passed the entrance, later taking a year's business and commercial course. I recall the various sisters who taught me. I loved them then, and now, but in a different way, and as some of them read these lines, memory's chain has not blotted my gratitude to them for the patience they manifested. The whacking I received at times on my little legs is still fresh in my memory. Now, however, I see how Rome works with the young. Frequently we were told of the fearful things that would happen to us if we ever went against our Church. Numerous stories were related which put a cold shiver through our little beings.

It is not my purpose here to narrate any of these tales, but if you ask how Rome holds her people, I should say by "tales." The old system knows the power of early suggestion. How many of you readers can vividly recall incidents of your childhood? In fact your memory is found the better regarding events of your childhood, than for things that happened recently. It follows that if Protestants in Canada wish to hold their numerous denominations together, they must find a salient power that will leave its imprint on the minds of its adolescents.

In September, 1911, shortly after the defeat of Laurier and the proposed Reciprocity Pact, the time came when I was to go to college. I was told that "they" had decided

to send me to college to be a priest since I had won a scholarship in Latin and would get a year free.

Sunday, October 12, I was given a presentation and send-off by the Sanctuary boys of St. Mary's, Hamilton; Monday morning I bade goodbye to my father, mother, sister, and all, and with Monsignor Mahoney, the Vicar-General of Hamilton diocese, was brought to St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ontario, to commence my long course of studies.

I still remember that morning of departure. Berlin was only sixty miles away, but such a distance then, and particularly in Ontario, was considered far. Monsignor Mahoney accompanied me to college; how many priests today, who read these lines, can boast of a Vicar-General of a diocese bringing them to college?

My Mother, who was, and is, as good and sweet a soul as ever lived, had tears in her eyes when her fourteen-year-old boy left that morning; she, like every other Irish heart, felt her prayer was answered, God had given her that highest desire of a Catholic Mother's heart, a boy at the Altar—a priest. In this may I say I sympathize and understand. I know that "man proposes but God disposes."

Here let me say, what I afterwards elected to do is my own act; true, in the eyes of most Roman Catholics I am doomed, but God is my judge and I am sincere, and I am ready to face the consequences irregardless of their effect.

My life at college was interesting—up every morning at 5:30; 6:00 to 7:00 the famous study hour on the empty stomach; 7:00-7:30 mass; 7:45 breakfast; 8:15 till 5:45 class except an hour and a half for dinner. I waited on table for 3 years; ran the college store for 4 years; was assistant-manager of the semi-annual college plays; secretary for one year of the Athletic Association (the year St. Jerome's College defeated O.A.C. of Guelph); and was the business manager of the *Schoolman* magazine, a monthly publication. I increased the advertising 600 per

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cent, got a write-up for the paper in both Berlin (now Kitchener) papers. During the summer months I worked at various occupations, such as record clerk in a C.P.R. freight office; purser on a lake boat; timekeeper city corporation, and conductor and motorman on the street railway. Thus by working during the summer and at college, and by putting in eight straight years of solid study and constant work, I was able to graduate from St. Jerome's College, and thereby be ready for the Seminary in Montreal.

College days are testing days; although a student at St. Jerome's then could not go downtown without permission, could not smoke only under certain conditions, etc., etc.

It is not my purpose here to go into detail on this phase of my life, but there was one incident during my graduation year which needs mentioning at this time.

Kitchener was the county town of Waterloo, and in the midst of a strong German and German descent population. Naturally, being in the war days, anxious eyes were focussed on this district—in fact, if less had been said about it, less would have happened which is today considered an unpleasant part of Canadian history.

Sir Robert Borden, then the Premier, introduced an amendment to the M.S.A. which granted exemption to Protestant and Roman Catholic students in order that they could finish their studies for the ministry and priesthood respectively. At once the Orange members of the Government Party objected on the grounds that Divinity students had no more right to exemption than any other body. A round robin was organized and the Government was told in no uncertain terms that there would be a rebellion if the said amendment went through.

At this part I wish to draw attention to a fact worth noting. These Members of Parliament thought that all eligible Quebec men would become Divinity students,

and the objection was on this ground—but what happened? Clever Rome, whose priests are skilled in the arts of finesse and keen politics, outwitted these sincere Protestants in a way that made the Conservative Party a laughing stock in Quebec.

The Minister of Justice Doherty, an ardent Roman Catholic and Knight of Columbus, brought in an amendment worded that only clerics or members of the clergy be exempt, and our ardent Conservative Members, not at that time having any one knowing the inner workings to guide them, said, "Sure, we are satisfied." They did not know that the Roman Catholic church labels its students having the tonsure, which can be received four years before a man is ordained a priest, as clergy. Thus Canada saw the spectacle of every Protestant College wiped out, and the Roman Catholic seminaries crowded to the doors. Most readers will recall the raid made on the Guelph Jesuit Novitiate, when the Minister of Justice's son was in attendance.

The writer at this time was among the chosen. I was the only one who registered for military service, wishing to go at the end of my college course, which would be in June, 1918. I was granted the exemption. Through some reason the said exemption was cancelled, and I was ordered to report to London, Ontario. Feeling I was treated unfairly, I took the train to Ottawa, saw the Member of Parliament for North Waterloo, Mr. Euler, afterwards the Honorable Mr. Euler, was his guest for a day, met Sir Wilfrid Laurier, received some advice from him, and on this day in Ottawa, the same day as the famous secret session, got my first baptism in Politics.

The man I was to work on for my point was the Minister of Justice. How was I to do it?

That night I sat in the Commons, temporarily held in the Museum Building, and listened to a speech by Right Honorable A. Meighen. Later I caught Honorable

Doherty in the lobby, got him into his private office, and argued for twenty minutes to no avail. Then I reminded him that "while visiting Guelph I met his son." He looked at me with amazement, for no one outside the College proper knew where the son was. Five minutes afterwards I received what I wanted and next morning I got a certificate from Lieutenant-Colonel Machin. I journeyed back to Kitchener, Ontario, and walked into the college refectory with what I went after.

Colonel Macauley, who afterwards instituted the Guelph raid, was right. I now say that as a Protestant and true Britisher, and the whitewash which the late Sir Samuel Hughes gave Doherty is only one example of many instances the writer knows of where principle has been made subservient to political expediency. May I also say now, as an Orangeman to Brother Orangemen, "Purge our order of slimy politicians who are abusing a grand institution for political purposes." In fact, if I had my way, no politician of any stripe would speak at a Twelfth of July celebration, for all that they care for is votes.

The Conservative Party is no better than the Liberal, since they cater to the organized minority—Rome, and in dealing with the Roman Catholics they only need to deal with one type of man—the priest.

It reminds me of the 1925 election fight in Ontario. I was in a town near Brantford and met the Conservative candidate, a lawyer, who was very friendly with me. However, on learning of my Roman Catholic opposition he was afraid to walk downtown with me, saying, "I get the Orangemen's vote anyway but I have to be careful of the priest."

The above incident wasn't as bad as an experience I had while still a Roman Catholic altar boy. I was riding on the C.P.R. train to Toronto with a priest accompanying me on a short journey. A leading politician who belonged to six lodges and orders sought the priest's company, and in

the course of the conversation the priest reminded him of a speech he had made against separate schools. Biting his cigar and using the spittoon, he smiled a sneering smile and said, "Oh! those _____! it only is to keep those _____ quiet. You know we give your great church first consideration."

I could go on *ad infinitum*, but what's the use? Protestantism is divided; Rome is united. Does not the Roman Church get whatever it goes after? Have not all political parties catered to it? Didn't even the Drury-Raney Farmer Government of Ontario fall for their trickery just as they got the Anderson Government of Saskatchewan when they asked the Co-ops to drop Maloney, knowing the consequences? Are they not getting Bennett the same way? Let the moral be—lay off Rome; it is dynamite to flirt with her.

While working as timekeeper for the city corporation, one summer vacation, I had an experience which is well worth recording. I was tipped off that a certain contractor was registering teams that were not on the job and that if I wasn't careful I would be caught in a net. I watched my chance and quietly investigated. Gathering information, I laid it before the Superintendent and the Secretary of the Board of Works, who co-operated—an investigation followed—Chester Walters led the fight and history records the big expose! The Chester Walters referred to here was afterwards Canada's head of Income Tax under the Finance Department.

Graduation from college being over I journeyed to the Grand at Montreal. There at the Seminary began my last lap in my studies for priesthood. Life was exceedingly hard—everything is done to break the stamina of the future priest.

Up at 5:00—bed at 9:00; poor meals,—no newspapers whatever—no smoking—one foot inside a fellow student's door meant instant expulsion. Hardest of all was

the rule of practically perpetual silence. When we were fortunate enough to get out we wore the long black skirts on the streets, and good indeed did a woman look when we saw one. Indeed so suspicious were these Parisian priests that they recommended we wear trunks when we took a bath.

A red-blooded young man of 22, I lived this life till the 'flu, which was raging then, took me in its grasp. I was put in the Hotel Dieu, where I was attended by the Sisters of Petite Soeur de Ste. Joseph. One in particular, a very pretty maiden, took a liking to me. "Poor Petite" as she called me, and very soon I found that the iron bars and the cold gray walls of a Convent did not securely encase the ideas of popery.

"Vocation" is the word in Rome for a call to the priesthood. If you do not become a priest, pious Roman Catholics will frequently say, "Oh! he had no vocation." Intelligent people, however, know that many men and women enter the religious life of Rome through parental or other influences.

Nature, for a definite reason, gave us certain passions, and I then began to contend and now positively assert that for any man or set of men to make laws contrary to this is not only immoral but absurd as well. Many a man, whose quiet countenance brings peace to troubled souls, hides a deeper trouble within his inmost being. Sleep they may—pray they do to the Good God who hears them call—but deep within their heart is the earnest supplication, "May my soul follow soon ——."

I went one day to my spiritual adviser and told him my troubles. He simply said, "Pray, meditate and ask the pure Virgin to intercede for you." Another day he advised me to go down the cellar and meditate among the graves of the dead Sulpician Fathers who, one after the other, row in row, some fifty graves, are buried there—I went down with the dead, read the words, "*Sic transit*

gloria mundi." Thus passes the glory of the world. I wondered what worldly glory these man had had, as I moved silently amid their graves and read aloud the printed words on some simple stone. The damp air, the awesome stillness, the utter depressing atmosphere suddenly disgusted me, and I thought that God never intended such asceticism.

Some nights I walked the floor of my room and gazed out of the window as the lights went by on Sherbrooke West, The lure of the world, I thought, may be just the devil tempting me. But no, God did not mean I should be a priest. I felt I had no vocation, That was it. Then my confessor had said most students were troubled the same way, so I was sure it was temptation. Priests should marry, I said to myself. Rebellion entered my heart. I went home, saw my Bishop, joined the Catholic Extension Missionary Canvassers' Band to find out, to see, to study—in a word, to understand.

I went into hundreds of Roman Catholic homes from Montreal to Windsor, and had many amusing and pathetic experiences which would fill a book in itself. Well do I remember St. Patrick's ward in Montreal—poverty—no curtains on many windows, children running the streets half naked, yet a million-dollar cathedral in the midst which these people were paying for. My faith was slipping fast. I stayed with parish priests and went out one night with one of them in company of two girls on a trip that was not holy. After locking car in garage, the priest smiled and said, "What a pair!" I said, "And you'd never think it to look at them." Oh! we know it's the confessional.

During my younger days I had intimately associated with Bishop Dowling, in fact some people said I was his pet, and many a time I heard this great conversationalist tell how he and other members of the hierarchy had gotten

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favors out of governments. Through him I learnt much of the Jesuit trickery in Canadian public life.

But Rome was watching, for I looked dangerous. The newspaper, *Catholic Register*, was at that time very anti-British. I protested to Archbishop McNeill of Toronto, head of the Extension Society; he agreed with me about its attitude, but Father O'Donnell, the editor and active President, continued to attack all things British and it wasn't long until I was fired. I protested to the Archbishop; he agreed with me, and told me "to go on," which I did. Subsequently a notice was placed in the *Register* paper and postcards were sent out. I was eating dinner with the priest at Niagara Falls, Ontario, when one of the postcards broadcasted regarding my dismissal, arrived. Through diplomacy I got him to give me his, went to a firm of lawyers, sued for libel, and also entered an action for wages alleged due.

The fat was in the fire. I had committed the unpardonable offence of fighting a priest openly. The Hamilton *Herald* gave me an editorial under the able pen of "J. Lewis." In part it read: "John Maloney, a bright and promising young man, has this day entered an action which we hope will go to trial in order that opportunity may be afforded the loyal Catholics of Ontario to prove that the attitude of the *Catholic Register*, under the pen of Father O'Donnell, is repudiated and detested by all decent and liberty-loving Catholics." . . . "The *Register* of late has been an organ of Sinn Fein principles, noted for the lurid and virulent manner in which it discusses Anglo-Irish relations," etc.

Two weeks afterwards I was threatened, through a firm of lawyers, "We will lay a charge if you don't quit." I did not quit. But I was charged with stealing \$100.00. I went to trial on their charge and at first came out victorious. One single count could not be proved. It was only bluff on the prosecution's part and it showed them

up. The Hamilton *Spectator* said editorially: "A certain religion noted for its heavenly aspirations has quite recently demonstrated that it possesses an inordinate degree of earthly greed." The Hamilton *Herald* also commented editorially: "J. J. Maloney's numerous friends did not need the verdict of his honorable acquittal to convince them that he is incapable of wilful dishonesty."

I sued next for malicious prosecution, but Father O'Donnell left the country for Ireland. We got substitutional service, and he came back. He was removed as editor of the paper and became Bishop of Victoria, British Columbia. We moved for trial and his evidence was taken in Victoria by commission. Later I had the privilege of speaking in Victoria, telling my story there of his alleged anti-British antagonism, and seeing him moved to Nova Scotia.

I saw a priest, one of those men I had been taught to regard as a second Jesus Christ, whom I had so loyally served as an altar boy, trying to condemn me, the son of a respectable father. The same gentry that later coached shysters in Edmonton, Alberta. I was doubtful of Romanism before. Now they feared me, and thought they had an opportunity to down me, but it failed.

Afterwards I wandered about, a troubled soul, young and inexperienced. Often I recalled Lawyer Morgan's words: "Religion seems to me, after this case: get what you can here below."

Lawyer Morgan who defended me was a marked man. His weakness—liquor, a visit to a Roman Catholic bootlegger's house. Two dicks waited, dope was inserted, they said he was crazy; Magistrate Jelfs said more and away to the Asylum he went. I called one day. Morgan escaped, called his friends on the phone, gave them the laugh. It was not long afterwards Chief Whatley died suddenly, and Magistrate Jelfs left the bench.

I went to Toronto, fell into irreligion, but one day,

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wandering into Cooke's Presbyterian Church, met dear old Dr. Wm. Patterson, a noble-hearted Irishman from Belfast, who seemed to understand my predicament. He spoke words of kindness and instructed me in the Bible. I joined his church. Later I was asked to speak at a small gathering, the audience was anxious to have me give the story of my conversion publicly. I decided I might as well tell the whole story, and through the kind assistance of Mr. W. McPhee, then associate editor of the *Sentinel*, I was scheduled to tell my story to the world.

So the "awakening of a struggling" soul manifested itself on August 22, 1922, when before a capacity audience that filled Cooke's Church to the roof, I denounced the errors of Romanism.

The fat was now definitely in the fire. Roman Catholics who had felt any sympathy toward me during the persecution of O'Donnell now boycotted me. The wheels of the Inquisition were set in motion and have been going ever since, till the frame-ups at Edmonton asserted themselves.

My Mother and Father also suffered. Then priests came after me. They had been afraid to do anything since previously I had beaten one of their number. Now it was different—my oratory might be dangerous, my knowledge of some of the secrets of Romanism, a few of which I have kept to this day, might be revealed.

Rome then decided through Jesuit influence to laugh me off. Here they now say they made a mistake. Halls were blocked, the press was threatened, bribes were offered, but onward I went. From Toronto to Hamilton, Dundas, Orangeville, Caledon, Durham, Goderich, Seaforth, Clinton, Exeter, Hensall, Woodstock, Thomesford, London, Niagara Falls, Grimsby, Guelph, Galt, Kitchener, Carlisle, Freelton, Holstein, and other places I held forth in preaching from August 22, 1922, to Decem-

ber, 1925. It was the crusade of the word of God against what I believed to be the Scarlet Woman—Rome.

At Kitchener, Ontario, soldiers were needed for my protection, but the Orangemen held a celebration there the same year, the parade taking two hours to pass a given point. The Lutheran people of Kitchener accorded me the honor of St. Mathew's Church for a meeting. At Rothesay Presbyterian Church an attempt to blow up the building, on the part of some wild ones from a nearby town, was definitely frustrated.

The press of Ontario was extremely fair, which is more than can be said for the West. The Toronto *Telegram*, which is acknowledged as Canada's most powerful newspaper, carried 200 write-ups in all. Ministers of the Gospel gave me much support. However, the road was hard at times. Well do I remember packing a church three nights in succession and after each meeting receiving the handshake and admiring look of many whom later I learned belonged to that fickle majority "with you today, and against you tomorrow."

I knew what it was to walk the streets of Toronto hungry. Word had gone out I might be a spy or that I was just sore, and would have to prove myself. A leading lodge man informed me that he had tried to get them to send me from coast to coast, as my speaking was inspiring, but that the party to which most of them belonged was going to get thirty seats in Quebec at the coming Federal Election, and they were afraid. I did not want to quit—*dogged perseverance* has always been my watchword—so I continued.

One night while driving my car on the Main Street of Dundas an incident occurred which showed that to some extent I had to fight not only Rome but also the doings of those Protestants who are ever ready to lend themselves to her, in the hope that they can make a hit politically or otherwise. However, Rome has far less use for the jelly-

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fish Protestant than she has for the one who is not afraid to show his or her colors.

Dr. Caldwell was Mayor of Dundas. He told the night constable to go after my car. At the postoffice where I was stopped the officer informed me of his orders. Knowing the reason for the distinguished and extremely honorable Mayor's orders, I journeyed back to the spot where he was accustomed to hang out. I told him what I thought of him and left. He ordered me chased, but the commandeered car could not catch me. I got into Hamilton, went to a high police official's home where I was informed a warrant for reckless driving was out for my arrest. I was told it must be spite, as it was not customary to issue warrants on this charge. I went to several other places. All had been notified, but, honestly believing "there was spite," no one would arrest me. However, in Orangeville, Ontario, where I was scheduled to speak the following Sunday night, the Chief executed the warrant. Arrangements were made to hold off the execution of the warrant until Sunday and late that afternoon Dundas was notified. After the meeting I was secretly taken to Dundas, where I agreed that in consideration of the stay of execution until Sunday, I would not tell the audience I had been arrested. The local authorities feared a riot should this fact become known.

Some time later I returned to Orangeville and spoke. A number of people asked me, "Did you not know you were going to be arrested, yet you spoke as though nothing was wrong?"

The trial eventually took place before the local Magistrate of Dundas, a Mr. Fry, who was also town clerk. I lost, but appealed the case and won grandly.

Much comment followed re the actions of the local Magistrate in issuing a warrant where a summons would have done. The Attorney-General wanted to investigate,

but soft-heartedly I replied, "I understand. It's not worth bothering about."

At Stratford, St. Mary's, Woodham, Granton and other points most of my collection went for the orphanage. At all times I spoke of the free Gospel. Orange lodges sprang up; memberships increased; praise was given my work in the *Sentinel*, and I had the honor to hear of it later from John Easton, Grand Master of British America, when he and I visited two lodges on one night in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Here I want to thank the Orangemen as individuals for their hearty support and sincere sympathy. The Roman Catholics in various places objected to my work. At Galt they organized to block our getting the City Hall, but the subsequent defeat, which I partly organized, of Johnny McIrvine as Mayor showed the disapproval of the Protestant people of the district towards any attempt to blockade free speech. My words were never bitter—merely a fight for what I believed to be right.

After the successful victory of the Conservative Party in the election of 1925 (a fight I played some part in, believing that Mackenzie King was run by Quebec), I journeyed to Ottawa, took advantage of an opportunity to go to Saskatchewan and landed in Saskatoon on February 5, 1926. From there I went to Prince Albert and delivered one address which was broadcasted. I studied a few of the workings of the Liberal machine, and returned to Saskatoon where the Conservatives gave me a banquet, thence to Victoria for my health. Through the appeal of Mr. Hoey I spoke to the Orangemen there and later on the radio to get my message to the Victoria people who are so tolerant. This speech brought the crowds—25,000 in 65 meetings. I also spoke to the Gyro Club and the Knights of the Round Table on Canada and her greatness, but my greatest experience here was a debate sponsored by Reverend Clem. Davies, an ardent and successful minister of that city, on the subject, "Canada would be better as an

independent nation." I had the negative side and Walter Macrave, a Canadian poet and apostle of Canadianism, the positive side. We had to hold two meetings on the one evening on account of the crowds which packed the Capitol Theatre.

May, 1927, just before the success of Honorable Tolmie at the polls, I left for the Prairies to commence my Saskatchewan fight on the School question. The last one to bid me goodbye was the late Honorable Mr. Bowser, whom I regarded at the time as the smartest man in public life west of the Great Lakes. I forgot to say goodbye to someone else and hereby hangs a tale—oh! well it wasn't meant to be.

I arrived in Saskatchewan, the land of rolling prairie, rich in golden wheat fields, and peopled by the blood of many nations. It was a province in which I was destined to make history. Little did I realize that the inspiring thrill I felt as I gazed at the golden horizon one evening from the observation car of the speeding Trans-Canada Limited, was the premonition that though the province I was then traversing for the most part knew me not, before long I was to be the famous political machine's greatest worry. My voice was to be heard numerous times over the radio; 200,000 persons were to pay fifty cents admission to hear me. Incidentally I was to meet the beautiful prairie girl from a northern point who was to be the Mother of my loving child. Time may take me to distant places, but Saskatchewan, the land of virile men and noble women, will always remain a picture of persons, places and events that time can never erase from the scroll of memory.

My first lecture was at Loreburn where the Drummond family resided. Later I went to Kyle, the district Mr. Stewart Draper resided in. This man was my friend and if I have ever met one who lived richly and fully it was this man. I spoke throughout the district, which is

peopled by a fine class of industrious and prosperous people, many of them being of sturdy Scandinavian or German origin.

Destiny led me to Indian Head, where a relative of Mr. Draper's lived. While there I was asked to deliver an address to a crowded hall, where I was interrupted by a Roman Catholic school teacher.

At this time the Ku Klux Klan was being organized in Saskatchewan by three Americans, Pat. Emmons and the two Scotts. The immigration question was giving much concern, for trainload after trainload of Southern and Central Europeans were being brought in, most of whom were Roman Catholics.

Suddenly the leaders of the Klan disappeared and great consternation prevailed. Rumors were flying thick and fast and discontent was disbanding the Klan organization. Jesuitism was creeping in, for Rome did not want the Klan and neither did the famous political machine which commanded a solid Roman Catholic vote. It was finally decided to call a post mortem meeting in Regina to which I was not admitted.

Through investigation I got in touch with some of the spies behind the lines. I arranged to meet a good Protestant, Dr. W. D. Cowan, now the Member of Parliament for Long Lake, and J. W. Rosborough, and as a result of our conversation, I promised to attend a meeting in Moose Jaw to be held at a later date. Unfortunately I was not informed till 6:00 p.m. on the day set. I hurried to the C.P.R. depot and was told I could not get on the Trans-Canada train as it did not carry passengers between divisional points. It was impossible to use a taxi as the Moose Jaw highway was muddy at the time. Still persevering, I boarded the train without a ticket, sat in the dining-car and ordered a meal. In this way I got to Moose Jaw on that train, in time. I landed at the I.O.O.F. hall where the famous meeting was in session, got to the front and

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listened to the pros and cons of various members. Some suggested carrying on, others wanted to disband and have nothing more to do with the organization.

Many at that meeting were sincere in their call for disbandment, but it was evident that Jesuitism and the machine was well represented and anxious for closing shop.

At eleven o'clock I was asked to say a few words. I got started, and before I got finished I had been going two hours without being heckled. The double-crossing hirelings pulled in their guns and took it all in. My closing words were, "Carry on and you will have the laugh on the machine; quit and their objective will be accomplished."

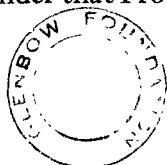
They did carry on, and the Klan organization rose from a few thousand members that night to 245 lodges six months hence, and was able by June 6, 1929, to bring about the biggest surprise in Canadian political history.

It did not do all that without many trials, setbacks, and disappointments. The story of these is not entirely connected with me personally, but I shall touch upon certain incidents in the course of my treatise where I feel their relationship coincided with mine.

Melville, Saskatchewan, was the scene of a very interesting meeting which will be long remembered, particularly by those who attended.

I was addressing a capacity audience in the German-Canadian hall. Into the midst of same walked the parish priest, Father Pander, and like a bolt from the blue he shouted, "Calles is a murderer," referring to the then President of Mexico. Excitement ran high. My secretary was in the chair and he endeavored to make peace by asking the priest to keep his seat and await the end of the meeting when he would have an opportunity to ask any questions or even give his side. However, the disturbing one found the truth hurting and insisted on interrupting.

I reminded Father Pander that Protestants do not inter-



rupt Roman Catholic services but accord them every courtesy. What does Rome care? When she gets control she will do to every other Province what she is now doing in Quebec.

I locked horns with Father Pander in debate, asking him to prove how he made God at Mass. He quoted Scripture: "This is my body." I asked him if Christ passed around his own body at the Last Supper. He did not answer, but said the Catholic Church believes in the Scripture which proves the Mass, in other words that Christ is in the Bread corporeally.

I then demanded that Father Pander repeat his words, that was, prove the Mass by the Scriptures. He again replied that all the Roman Catholic claims in this respect are founded on the Bible.

I asked him, that since he was so fond of following the Bible in the matter of the Communion, why did he, the priest, give only "the bread" to the people and not "the wine." After the laughter subsided Father Pander angrily shouted, "That needs no explanation!" The people of Melville, however, are still in the dark as to why the priest gets both the wine and the bread and the people only the latter.

Some indication of Father Pander's anger was indicated by the type of circulars he afterwards broadcasted, challenging Maloney to debate. The word "explode" was used for "expose." Maloney showed up for the debate but the priest did not. A write-up had appeared in the *Leader-Post* of Regina and higher authorities not only stopped their priest but soon after had him removed as Parish Priest of Melville after 19 years' sojourn.

On this particular night of the debate in the German-Canadian hall, I met with a narrow escape from serious injury. An ardent Roman Catholic whose exuberance carried away his better judgment, raised an iron bar and struck at my head. It came very close to me while my

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back was turned, but thanks to the vigilance of Phil. Walters, I was saved perhaps from death. Thus I risked everything at times for a cause I regarded sacredly, yet when the Anderson Government got in power they forgot me. In their pride and conceit they wanted to believe they did it all.

Melville had a strong Klan. This town has a large German and Lutheran population, noted for their industry and good citizenship, and I always felt at home among these people who are sincere. They are not given to splash and show, but if they are your friend you can count on them at all times. When July 12th, 1928, came I was invited to speak at the huge Orange celebration. I was given a hearty welcome by the Mayor, who was chairman. On the platform with me, was Reverend Blanquette, an ex-bishop of the Roman Church, and Dr. J. H. Hawkins, the latter a lecturer for the Klan, who was afterwards ordered deported by the King Government. That night the Klan arranged another celebration at which a fiery cross was to be burnt. Five thousand people were on the grounds but Dr. Hawkins did not show up. I was asked to take his place, which I did. No threats of shooting in the dark deterred me from speaking and the ceremony will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. John Wendland, Gus. Anweiler and Fred. Bender saw that I got protection.

Macklin was another centre which was the scene of a merry time. Mr. Coates and I landed at this point and registered at a Roman Catholic hotel. Were they bitter? I even had sheets thrown on me as I descended the stairs. The hall, which had been booked, was cancelled over night, and the local secretary of the Municipality threatened because he was accused of granting me the use of it to fight Rome. As a matter of fact he did not know the purpose of the meeting, but merely fulfilled his duty when he saw an opportunity to make some money for the

hall board. However, we secured the Orange hall at Evesham, and spoke twice in the one night. The Macklin people who had come seven miles to attend, were, for the most part, a determined crowd, and after they had heard my explanation, more determined than ever that I should have their hall. The next night while speaking at Luseland, Saskatchewan, to a capacity audience, I received word that I could have Macklin hall when I wanted it. I returned to Macklin, spoke and conquered, but it took two policemen and several citizens over thirty minutes to keep order. It was said that there were men ready to shoot me, but I spoke just the same.

Mazenod, Saskatchewan, near Gravesbourg, was the scene of much excitement when it was announced that J. J. Maloney was coming to speak. Mr. D. C. Grant went ahead, and two mounties policed the town. Lights were to go out by water being put in the gasoline of the light plant and rocks were to be thrown at my head. Darkness did prevail, but lights went out too soon, and the trouble was remedied. My address that night apparently got the French-Canadians thinking, for they wanted more.

At Meota, where for seventy minutes I faced 40 semi-intoxicated halfbreeds led by two heelers, certain ones paid over \$100.00 in fines the next day.

In all these trying times we had our humorous experiences too. One incident in particular stands out in my memory. It was near Tramping Lake, north of Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, where the districts were fairly strongly Roman Catholic.

Mr. Grant and I called at Broadacres. Someone recognized me and word was sent ahead, so that on reaching Tramping Lake, the town was fairly well peopled. I was a curiosity, and one woman on passing me made the sign of the cross. Mr. Grant walked up to the door of the school and the following conversation occurred:

Question: "Does Miss Brown teach here?"

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Answer: "No, there are only Sisters at this school."

Question: "Well, is this not a public school?"

Answer: "Yes."

Question: "Are there any Protestants here?"

Answer: "No, they are at the separate school across the way."

Question: "Where?" said Mr. Grant, "I can't see any school there."

Answer: "In the cellar of the Roman Catholic Church."

The above fact, namely, that Protestant children were in the cellar of a Roman Catholic Church, was never denied by the Liberal machine, and this affair did much to turn four ridings.

While driving south Mr. Grant and I called at a Russian Roman Catholic's yard for some water from their well, and, before leaving, Mr. Grant took some chalk and wrote the words: "Maloney and the K.K.K. were here." After we passed out to the road the Russian woman could be seen throwing up her hands and running wildly into the house. "The devil had been in her barn yard." I remarked that another kind of water was used that night in a sprinkling manner.

It is not my purpose here to go into the intricacies of the famous machine. They knew their stuff. Road, dairy, chicken, school, weed, and even bull inspectors were all part of it. Every now and then they met and reported. The Klan upset their famous methods. They did not know its membership. Suspect they might, often incorrectly, but I will say this for the Liberals—they were always true to their friends and the perfection of their organization was by the central control of locals. I could say more on this point but it would not be playing cricket. I have always held the respect of the Liberals of Saskatchewan, being sincere and never selling out, and I hope to continue to hold that respect.

I said I would condemn the Anderson Government even with my father-in-law a member of it if they failed. They did, and I made the speech in Saskatoon last Fall in the Regent Hall to a capacity audience which I am told today was the beginning of the end.

Never did I refuse a call to speak, no matter where the district. Even Govenouer in the heart of the French-Canadian settlements was visited. I have been criticized and it has been said, "Look at the money he took in." Oh! yes, and look at the money I paid out—hall rents, salaries, advertising, phone calls, telegrams, railway and hotel expenses for two, sometimes three and four, office rent, stenographers, business manager, editor of paper and printing of same, which showed a \$20,000.00 deficit, hundred per cent commissions to subscription agents, as our objective was to put over the paper all to win the election, and did I ever receive a cent back? No. They forgot, and one of the men who received the most patronage in printing and help from the Anderson-MacMillan Government was the very man who one time would not release our paper without the money being paid in advance. "But chickens always come home to roost." They didn't get a single seat at the next election.

I have every respect, however, for most of the members. They were powerless against certain factions that were anxious to keep in with Quebec. It sometimes makes me sick, "Quebec! Quebec! Quebec!" One would think that at least in B. C. one could appoint a Provincial Mosquito Inspector without finding out how Quebec feels.

As for brains, Honorable Bryant towered over the whole legislature, and whilst not a politician, his word, yes or no, was backed by principle. My father-in-law, W. W. Millar of Biggar, Saskatchewan, was always true. He suffered, for when he was told he was not to have Maloney speak in Biggar, he did, and on the night in question a raging fire destroyed his large departmental store and re-

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duced one of the wealthiest men in Saskatchewan to practical bankruptcy. However, he'll come back, for he is made of the right stuff.

As for my parents, the Ontario Tories, when they took over the Hamilton Street Railway, cut off my father's pension. I was sent West to smash the terrible machine and what thanks did I get? I ask—Is Toryism going to change?

But getting back to the main issue of 1929—it was the school question. The Conservatives, being advised to concentrate on 40 ridings and let 23 go, won 34, and remained in power for five years.

Much more could be said on the Saskatchewan political situation but it's over now and part of history. Suffice to say that while East in 1930 I met a Roman Catholic cleric who did not know to whom he was speaking, and gave him information on Saskatchewan. His answer was, "I must tell the Archbishop, thank you very much."

Quebec feared the West after the Saskatchewan turnover and they bet 25 on one horse and 40 on the other so as to be on both sides. Saskatchewan put Bennett in power.

When my forthcoming book on the proposed union of the three Prairie provinces is published I shall go more into detail and give the conversation that occurred one night at Semans between Pat and Mike when Maloney was on the air talking on purgatory. I shall also tell of the time when I was hit with a bottle in the Saskatchewan hotel, and as a result had to be married with my arm in a sling; the frame-up at Edenwold; the soldierly meeting at Briercrest; the close call at Winnipeg Zion United Church; the incident with Mr. Russell, prominent K.C., at Brandon, etc., etc.

I cannot close Saskatchewan's story without reference to the famous Radville and Dealtry court cases. The former concerned a complainant, Ediness, who said I struck

him at a public meeting. The presiding Magistrate Martin permitted the court to be held in the theatre. The Klan took up a collection, and many of my good friends had to pay to get in. Mr. Bryant, K.C., was my solicitor. We won. The decision was, "Even if Maloney did hit the complainant he had a right to! Case dismissed."

The Dealtry case concerned a well known scandal sheet *The Reporter*, published weekly, and bang! when Maloney and Mr. R. Snelgrove landed in Saskatoon, away went *The Reporter*.

"Why could I not be a priest?" was the chief cry of this paper.

Dealtry was arrested, the trial, the Saskatoon daily *Star-Phoenix* claimed, creating the greatest interest of any up to that time in northern Saskatchewan. Women were at the Court House door at six; hundreds turned away; seven pages devoted to it in the local papers. Some had tried to convict him before but it finished Saskatoon's scandal sheet, and the Jesuits who were smiling, were not in Court to hear the words of the accused when sentenced: "Those who gave me the information were not there when I needed them."

The following amusing story I want to tell on myself.

I was riding in the pullman of a C.N.R. main line train when a fat man in the corner of the smoker remarked:

"This man Maloney is raising h——."

"Yes," said I.

"He ought to be shot," replied my fat friend.

"Do you know Maloney?" was my question.

"Sure I knew him in Hamilton, Ontario. He has a fine father and mother but they didn't spank him enough and he was petted at college by his bishop."

"Oh!" said I.

"And you know he is the father of five babies, gets drunk, etc., etc. But this Dealtry has the goods on him

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and the *Reporter* will eventually expose him and drive him out of Saskatoon."

"He's speaking in Saskatoon tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, but I wouldn't pay 50 cents to hear a pack of lies."

"But why shouldn't you go and hear him once and challenge him?"

"Oh! I wouldn't be bothered," was the answer of my friend given with a shrug.

"But," said I, "you know I'd like to see and hear this man and if you're a sport I'll meet you at the Hotel and we'll go together. I'll even pay your way in. If you're a sport I'll dare you, unless you're scared."

"I'm not," was the reply.

It was agreed that we meet at 7:30 in the lobby of the hotel in Saskatoon that night.

At 7:25 J. J. Maloney was in the hotel lobby behind a post. In walked my friend, and pulling out his watch he gazed in my direction just as the bell boy called out the words, "A call for Mr. J. J. Maloney, here's the number," and handed me a card.

My friend turned red, white, and then blue. I gave him my hand. He smiled and so did I. He came to the meeting that night, and later, on a train, while I was having a conversation with Mr. Woodsworth, M.P., this same man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Maloney, I've joined the church of my wife."

All during the Saskatchewan campaign I published the *Freedman* at a huge loss. I expected to get some of it back, but it's a fact that in eight years I have published 86 issues of my paper totalling over 400,000 copies for the Protestant cause, and have run the paper without advertisements, thus losing over \$25,000.00—the cream from my meetings.

The last three weeks of the famous election in Saskatchewan I travelled a total of 4,000 miles and spent the

last five days in my father-in-law's constituency. After I had spoken at two points the "machine" sent out twenty book agents to tell the various farmers how to mark their ballots first, second and third choice. We sent out twenty men looking for "stray horses" to tell them the truth.

Thus, on June 6, 1929, I saw victory. I married Miss Lenora Miller on September 26, 1929, and journeyed Eastward on our honeymoon to visit my parents. I was in time to see my beloved grandmother before she passed on, and visited Mr. Cecil Armstrong in Toronto, an old friend of the Miller family.

I turned West and gave my attention to Alberta and the impending Dominion election, believing as I did that the domination of Quebec was real.

After the Saskatchewan elections I moved my activities to Alberta and on the request of the Grand Master of Alberta, Mr. A. E. Williams, spoke in the Vermilion district, thus reaching some twenty points. Much comment on this campaign appeared in the Toronto *Sentinel*. Numerous applications poured into the Orange, and new lodges sprang up. I went from here to Vulcan, where I was arrested on a charge of having crossed the border six months before without registering my car. On being taken to Calgary I was questioned but no more was heard of it. I then invaded the Hanna district, the guest of Mr. M. A. MacLeod, a splendid type of man, now in Vancouver, B. C. At Killam, Alberta, I met Mr. John Marchand, a splendid man whose heart understood my work, for he too had accepted truth for darkness. He has since passed on but his memory lingers in my soul.

In the spring of 1930 I journeyed to Ottawa, and the reporters there would have it, "Maloney is up to some political trick." I was asked by one if it was true the Tories had sent for me, but had refused aid? If I had said, "Yes, they turned me down," it would have been used among the Orangemen of Ontario as an example of Tory

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ingratitude for what I had done in Saskatchewan, but if it was true that they had helped me, Quebec was to have heard about it. I merely shrugged my shoulders and asked him if he had ever heard of the Sphinx. Most Easterners expected to see a much older man from Saskatchewan. I visited several places and returned West. I went into the Peace River country under the auspices of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, spoke at 22 points, and met Madame Crawford and Senator Planta's son, Clive, now the M.L.A. from Peace River riding, B. C., at a banquet. "Calgary Dave" Taylor, a loyal Orangeman, accompanied me and many readers will remember the long and dramatic write-up that appeared in the *Sentinel* about that trip.

Then the fall of 1930 I invaded Calgary and with the able assistance of Mr. Moffatt, Reverend Stenberg and others put on a campaign there which lasted five months. I also transferred my *Freedman*, and, changing its name to *Liberator*, I reached over 250,000 people at this point.

During the month of February my little girl was born, her birthdate occurring on the same date as mine.

Edmonton, the "Rome of the West," saw the commencement of my long campaign on September 6, 1931, when the clarion call to a sleeping Protestantism was definitely sounded before three crowded houses at the Memorial Hall.

Edmonton has 165 Roman Catholic properties, various convents and nunneries, seminaries, three colleges, academies, monasteries, three hospitals, the General even being Roman Catholic, Homes of the Good Shepherd, orphanages, etc.; in fact it is the strongest Roman Catholic centre for its size outside of Quebec.

Politicians seeking office were said to curry Roman Catholic aid first. No one could be elected even as Alderman if they incurred the wrath of the Roman Catholic authorities. What is more significant is the fact that all

the North Country, which is largely under Roman Catholic domination through an energetic Missionary endeavor, looks to Edmonton as its centre. The head of the church was and is Archbishop O'Leary, whose personality, brain power and arts of finesse are unquestioned.

I walked fearlessly into all this. Knowing the power of Rome I should have shuddered, but courage has always been my watchword and I was determined that the spell hanging over Edmonton should be broken and how.

My agent rented the Memorial Hall managed by the local Legion. Immediately Rome got busy. A meeting was arranged with the executive of the hall board and six Roman Catholic priests argued for two hours on the feasibility of granting me the said hall. The final result, however, was that I got the hall.

From September 6, 1931, to Christmas of that year I reached 100,000 people, speaking some nights three times. I continued speaking every Sunday up to January, 1933, on an average of three meetings per day, and on special occasions during the week, in fact in October, 1931, two meetings were held every week night for three entire weeks.

Hundreds of dollars was paid the Legion in hall rents, during the period from September, 1931, to January, 1933, a total of four hundred thousand attended the various meetings. Nowhere in Western Canada is there any record of such a campaign that was continuously carried on. While speaking on five occasions I hired aeroplanes to convey me to my respective points, using the plane of Mr. Grant McConachie.

Interruptors started at the beginning but soon they were silenced and it got out that "you can't heckle him"—then I had order. Roman Catholics were leaving their church. Protestant churches became better attended, as a result of the crusade. The Klan sprang up overnight and became the greatest order in Edmonton and won a

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municipal election six weeks after its inception. Convent inspection petitions were sponsored and signed by thousands; the public school board was warned; the matter of giving the city taxpayers' money in the form of grants was challenged through the courts, and over 700 boys and girls were saved from the dangers of mixed marriages. Twenty-four editions of the *Liberator* were sold on the streets, where the newsboys' familiar shout, "Maloney's *Liberator*," was heard.

I preached the doctrine of British connection as well as upholding Protestant principles. Two million people have heard me speak; hundreds of Roman Catholics have seen the light; thousands have been saved from mixed marriages, and the work that I have done and am doing is only the same as that of Luther and Knox. If what I am doing is wrong today how can Protestants argue that it wasn't wrong at an earlier period? Those who argue this way are denying the progress of freedom against darkness.

We in Canada are citizens of a British country and our flag is the Union Jack. Its colors are symbolic—the red, emblematic of the blood that has been shed on land and sea; the white for purity and honor, the watchwords of her constitution; and blue, true blue, loyalty, three in one. There are three crosses, that of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, three bloods in one, typifying the Trinity.

The night I spoke on the Flag at the Memorial Hall, Edmonton, was the occasion when a young man was taken from my meeting with a gun in his pocket. I was tipped off a few hours earlier that a certain person was coming on this night for trouble. Our informant stood in the aisle in which the would-be gunman sat. We called our misleading friend out, telling him he was wanted on the phone. Two city detectives were waiting, a search was made and sure enough our Irish Fenian friend had the

concealed weapon. Off to the cells he went and next day he was fined. I dropped further charges.

Another night some person or persons placed an old machine gun in an upper window. Consternation prevailed but I managed to pacify the audience, and beyond some women fainting, no casualties resulted. On this occasion no one was found in the vicinity.

Thus the storm of revolt or protest had broken. Rome had ruled Edmonton so long that most Protestants were losing their self-respect and meekly taking it as a matter of course, and after every nomination it was a common sight to see many a candidate wending his way to the foot of the throne, there to receive the blessing of Holy Mother church.

Thus those who read these lines in far-off Nova Scotia, in the U.S.A., or at any other distant point, can draw their own conclusions why so much money and effort was expended in Edmonton, "to get Maloney."

I shall always remember Edmonton and Edmonton will always remember me. I hold no ill-will toward those who double-crossed me. Times are hard and it is understandable, self-preservation is the first law of nature. Lawyers should not be condemned, either, as they work for a fee and that is their business. Even the nun who joined the Klan and changed her garb, to her I say—bravo. Even to the man who tried to break up my home I say, "Cheerio, old boy, better luck next time!" To that newspaperman who offered to write me up in excellent fashion if I'd double the bribe he was to receive from Roman agents, I ask him now how does he feel?

No, I forgive you all. Dan Knott, the Mayor, who didn't want to know me after my paper put him in, even to him I have words of encouragement when I say, "Ex-celsior, Dan!" Magistrate McLeod, who punished me, has a place too in my forgiveness chest. God bless him! The human rat who connected me with a dead girl killed

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in our Klan work (a girl I didn't even know personally), I say to him, "God will take care of you. You, like the rest, are having it tough and it wouldn't be cricket to hold any spite against you." Here also I publicly forgive the old Klan. But last of all I want to mention in my round of forgiveness the three preachers of the cloth who attended police court the day of my frame-up. It sure was good to see you three gents that day—I mean it would have been good had not two of you sneered and given way to your real feelings. It is over now. The plotting did nothing to harm the cause. It still continues. I personally suffered, but that's nothing; I knew what to expect when I started this work, particularly when I entered Edmonton, the "Rome of the West."

The Klan that I sponsored in Edmonton grew gigantically, seven lodges were formed, headed by Shriners. Mayor Douglas was catering to Rome. At three o'clock the day before his election I dictated a special paper; at six it was out. One hundred boys were hired. Each was given 50 copies and five boys were allotted to a car. They went out as directed. Twenty-five cents and a card were given to each boy at the start. The return of the card means another twenty-five cents, so in one hour by boys and cars five thousand homes had a *Liberator*. At noon Douglas was conceded elected by 3,000 majority but the final count showed Dan Knott as Mayor by 2,900 majority. The Canadian Press despatches gave the Klan credit the next day.

I have been criticized for letting every kind in the Klan. People say, "Maloney, you should have been careful of your membership and you wouldn't have been framed." To those critics I say: How could a man speaking every night, preparing lectures by day, answering an average of fifty letters, giving interviews to dozens, editing, financing and directing a newspaper, then give leadership to a huge organization? Besides, a committee of men who had

lived in Edmonton for years and was incharge of initiations, these men should have known. I was a stranger and could not say who was worthy and who was not.

While directing these numerous activities at Edmonton, I had to give much attention to the surrounding country as well. Camrose, Killam, Forestburg, Irma, Jarrow, Wetaskiwin, Red Deer, Stettler, Erskine and Ponoka were visited by me and public meetings held. The organizers of the Klan followed in my path and began forming outside locals, resurrecting old Klans in some towns and introducing new ones in others.

At Gibbons the French Roman Catholics seemed determined that I would have a rough ride in their town. I was equally determined that I would speak there. The Protestant minority at St. Eugenie School near Gibbons had been treated unfairly and feeling was running high. The posters went up—Maloney was to speak in Gibbons! I got an anonymous letter with an enclosed drawing showing the mutilation of my body in various parts if I dared to come.

Edmonton friends to the number of ten cars and five busloads accompanied me. Three mounties were also in attendance to permit free speech in a British country, and some people still wonder why Rome is doing so much in Quebec, where a man's soul isn't his own.

At Stony Plain, west of Edmonton, our friends were determined to block me. To this point it was necessary to bring a contingent and also police protection, particularly because the meeting was to be held in an upstairs hall. In fairness to the people of Stony Plain, I want to say that there the would-be rioters were brought in from some surrounding towns.

An incident, however, occurred at this meeting which I count as most significant, for it was on that night we had the spectacle of the terrible Maloney teaching a

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Roman Catholic student for the priesthood something of his own religion.

After Reverend Duncan McDougal finished speaking, I took the floor and a tall young man stood erect and challenged my work. Having advance knowledge who he was I put the question, "Are you a loyal Roman Catholic?"

"I am," was the terse and firm reply.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"You believe in the mass and that you must attend at least one every Sunday morning under pain of mortal sin which is eternal damnation?"

"I do believe all that."

"Then, Mr. Man, have you lived up to this command?"

"I certainly have," was the further reply.

"Well then, you have asserted that you believe in the Roman Catholic church and that you must go to mass every Sunday under pain of damnation and that you have gone practically every Sunday morning of your life. Now, Mr. Man, we have all this publicly from you, but the part I want to know is, can you tell me the meaning of the first twenty-five words of the mass?"

He hesitated and could not answer.

"Give me the Latin words at least," I repeated. Again he hesitated and couldn't answer. So I spoke these words, "*In nomine patris, et filii et spiritui sancti. Et introibo ad altare Dei,*" which means, "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I will go unto the altar of God."

"Did you ever hear those words before?" was my question.

"Yes," was his sneering answer.

Every Roman Catholic mass throughout the world begins with the above words and this young man did not know them, yet he was studying for a priest.

Roman Catholics say he knew, but became rattled un-

der Maloney's fire. I ask those same Roman Catholics, "How many of you know them?"

Our friend sat down, and I can still see the look of sincerity on the faces of those splendid German Lutheran citizens who packed the hall that night.

At Chauvin, when I left a meeting held for women only, several French-Canadian yearlings threw stones at our party.

I returned on the twenty-fourth of May, 1932, and spoke to 5,000 people in the open air when a fiery cross was burnt.

One night when I tried to get off the late C.N.R. train at Wainwright, Alberta, a gang of hoodlums prevented my landing. I journeyed to Ribstone, returned to Edmonton, where a special train was organized, and on March 12, 1932, one of the largest crowds that ever assembled at the C.N.R. station in Edmonton saw me off on a special train of six coaches backed by several hundred aboard. We entered Wainwright peacefully, and another special train was run from the East at Ribstone. I spoke twice in one night and the Mayor welcomed me at a banquet. Thus we answered the Roman Catholics of Wainwright district.

Pictures may be seen of this spectacular event at two studios in Edmonton.

On my return to Edmonton from the sojourn below I was greeted by a huge gathering in the Memorial Hall. It sure was encouraging to see so many loyal faces in that audience, which gave me that added determination to carry on. Unfortunately sickness overtook me, and I had to go to the University hospital, where I remained seven weeks. Under the able attention of Dr. Emerson Smith I was on my feet again in June, 1933.

At this time feeling was running high over the promiscuous use of French on the radio, so from my bed in the hospital I dictated a petition form protesting to

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Ottawa against this abuse. Mr. W. Walford, past Grand Master of the L.O.L. of Alberta, directed the said petition to which ten thousand people attached their names. It went to Ottawa and caused the stir we intended it would. The results are now seen.

The Knights of St. George organized and today represent a good element.

In the fall of 1933 it was my privilege to debate with Mr. Joseph Adair on the advantages of the Union of the three Prairie Provinces under one government. I contended that union would not only effect a saving materially speaking, but a strengthening of the position of the farmers of the Prairies who are all interested more or less in the same occupation, and beset by the same difficulties and problems. Mr. Adair maintained the principle of separation. Today I hold that the four Western Provinces, that is, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, would be well advised to unite and have their own fiscal policy as the interests of this part of Canada are such that you cannot have the same fiscal policy for the East as for the West. We in these four Provinces pay on the nose for everything, in the name of protection, and what do we get out of it? The East won't even buy our Alberta coal, choosing to go to Pennsylvania, U.S.A., for their anthracite, in which country they leave millions in dollars every year.

I could relate much on my court cases in Edmonton but it is my intention to fight them over again in no uncertain way. Suffice to say they were pure frame-ups actuated by forces whose wrath I had incurred through fighting for principle and right. New evidence is continually coming to light and I am tempted to pen some of it here, but alas! the enemy would learn my hand and govern themselves accordingly.

Coming to the last scene in this story, I journeyed to Vancouver, where by the sound of the sea and amidst the

quietness of Nature's grandeur, I am penning the last lines of this story, away from the din of former worries.

I am calm and collected on this last morning of writing. I see in the distance the rising sun, for darkness has disappeared and the night of disappointment is no more. The chilly dew of despair is melting before the warm ray of the eternal lamp of hope. The sea about me is true to its name—Pacific—and as a gentle breeze wafts over the waters I drink deeply of the vivifying strength of my faith in God, saying in my soul of souls: there is hope—God is still in His Heaven and grace and mercy abound for the asking.

This wonderful metropolis, noted for its strategic position, well built homes, well regulated services, stalwart policemen whose courtesy and efficiency are nationally known, and nesting at the foot of the Coast range, has the second finest harbor in the world and from the viewpoint of tonnage holds second place on the Pacific Coast. The vast country surrounding it is heavily wooded by the tall tapering Douglas Firs which rise majestic and immense, and remind one of the Eternal God by the remoteness of their stillness. At times this changes to a song of reverie when the winds play a tune which sways their forms to and fro, but ever they point upward, beckoning to the Author of all nature. To this vista of grandeur on the rock-bound coast of British Columbia where one occasionally hears the roar of the breakers as they dash the western shores, now in, now out, reminiscent of the phase of life so well soliloquized by Napoleon as he once stood, watching the waves at old St. Helena, I came.

Amidst these scenes and places I wandered and found my inspiration.

July 12th, 1934, I had the honor to celebrate at Hastings Park with my Brother Orangemen. A strange fate put Doctor Anderson and I together on that day. I did

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not know he was coming and I am certain he was not thinking of my coming, for last year on the same day we were together at Macklin, Saskatchewan.

On the streets of Vancouver I have met many I knew in Manitoba, many who heard me in Saskatchewan, my friends from Edmonton and even now and then some one from Ontario.

It seems to be a meeting place. A veritable get-together in summertime.

And in this setting I closed the last lines of this book.

The words I have spoken in the past are what I mean, what I believe, and what I will live. My opponents have a right to their opinions and I will always respect them, but Canada, the land of the maple, forest and stream, is my country and I love her.

No church, especially a foreign-bound one, shall hold her in its shackles, but before writing finis to this long story which began "down the bay" at old Hamilton and terminated at the sea, I wish to quote a few lines of Tennyson, and those who know me best will realize what I mean.

Break, break, break
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

The stately ships go down
To their haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Goodbye, good luck, till the curtain falls on the last scene of the last act, and God bless all till and when Journey's End is reached.



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Darkness, Dawn and Daybreak

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Contains a learned and lengthy dissertation on the differences of Romanism and the Protestant faith as well as other kindred subjects. Contains broad info. The second volume also contains a chapter on mixed marriages. Phases of Canadian political history, Anglo-Catholicism, convents and their abuses. The story the Orangemen played in the Natural Resources fight in Alberta. The big Klan demonstration in Edmonton in 1932, and a lengthy argument for a new plan for Western Canada.

I thank those who helped me in this great work. It certainly was a revelation to me how difficult it is to compile a book. Over \$1,000 has been expended in compiling these two volumes. Old and rare books were purchased, and 18 various stenographers were employed at different times. Investigations made. Writers paid for help and information. Lawyers fees, as well as time and travel.

Those who loaned money for this purpose were Mr. J. P. Henry, Mr. Andrews and Mr. G. Fisher.